

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
OF KENTUCKY.

DEATH OF THE HON. THOMAS H. BAYLY OF VIRGINIA.

This distinguished son of Virginia is no more! He died at "Mount Custis," his own home, in Accomac county, Virginia, on Monday morning, the 23d instant, in the 46th year of his age.

The disease that bore him so early from the theatre of usefulness in which he moved, employed its flatteries upon him in vain. From his first serious illness he seemed to think that he too, as most of his family had done, must yield to its ruthless exactions. His cheerfulness was not impaired or his manhood subdued by the contemplation. Like the great and good, he looked upon it with calmness and submission.

No common man has fallen! In the eventful cycle of half a century, Virginia has returned to the God who gave them, full of years and ripe with honors, many a renowned statesman! It was well! They had crowned her with honor and won for themselves in imperishable history, an enduring fame!

In the loss of General Bayly, however, while she may not murmur, Virginia cannot repress, in the fullness of an overwhelming grief, a feeling of mourning, that this son, too, was not spared to fill the measure of a glorious promise. But he has been cut off, in the meridian of life—in the season of his usefulness; with a career replete with honor and distinction, and a reputation without spot or blemish, incomplete only in years! "God's ways are not our ways!"

But his own State and his own people will not be permitted to mourn his loss alone. A whole nation and a whole people bow in sorrow before the blow, and join with them in garlanding his tomb! General Bayly was a national man, and a man of as much national reputation as any in the present House of Representatives, of which he was a member. We doubt whether any man of his age ever possessed the same confidence of his fellow members. This he won without effort, for it was a universal tribute to his superior intellect and his unmistakable honesty of purpose. He was no trickster, and would sooner risk the censure of his party, than lend himself to an unworthy strategy. He was one of the boldest and bravest public men we have ever known. He was less of that hateful thing called a demagogue, (unhappily as thick in our land now, "as leaves in Valambrosa,") than any one we ever knew. He scorned from his heart every thing akin to it. In some States this would have formed a great barrier to his success. In his own, and especially among his own people, it was the reverse.

Like all the public men in his State, his entrance into public life was early, but not until even at so immature an age, he had made much mark at the bar in his own section; for while a brilliant, though very youthful member of the legislature, he was elected by that body the judge of the circuit in which he lived. In this position he remained, winning laurels on every hand, by the dignity, fairness, and judicial wisdom which characterized his career upon the bench, until the appointment of his predecessor in Congress, the Hon. Henry A. Wise to the mission to Brazil. Much against his own will and tastes, (for we have often heard him say this was the happiest time of his life,) he was forced again into the political arena. His election, of course, was triumphant. We will not do injustice to his brilliant career in Congress, during the whole of which he held the first positions on the most prominent committees, by a further reference to it in this heartfelt but imperfect tribute to his public worth. We confidently anticipate from able hands an elaborate and accurate sketch of his participation in public affairs, as well as a careful revision and publication of his masterly speeches and writings, which so richly deserve to become a part of the political literature of the day, and to take rank with the productions of our contemporary statesmen. It is sufficient here to say, that as a public man, he was able, faithful, and just. He was a States Rights Democrat, of the strictest school, and while he observed religiously all the principles of this political faith; he ever repelled with manly pride, and disdained any unseemly behest of his party!

But how shall we speak of his virtues and qualities as a man? In his family, he was as a little child—gentle, affectionate, joyous. His servants loved him—not merely as a humane, generous and familiar master, but they loved him for himself. As a friend, we have a right to say, we have never known his equal. He could forget himself more entirely in his friendships than any man we have ever known. No frown of power, no fear of public favor forfeited, no personal or political peril, could make him desert the fortunes, desperate though they might be, of his friend! Fidelity to his friends was a religion with him! He would have died before he would have deserted a friend!

Such was Thomas H. Bayly! But his spirit has gone! and his grave is made, as was his wish, among his own people, and at his own home, by the great ocean! Our heart goes out in interlaid sympathy to the gentle ones, who have been so sorely bereaved. May that God in whom they trust be their friend and comforter!

MEMORIAL EXPOSURE.—Some years ago a pretended professor of mesmerism named Leroy Sutherland, gave a series of astonishing performances in the Atlantic cities, in which one Frank A. Ball acted as his "subject." Mr. Ball comes out in a card in the San Francisco Chronicle and says he never was in a mesmeric sleep in his life; that it was all a "hoax," and that the whole affair was the result of a delicate system of "telegraphing" between himself and the professor.

THE WASHINGTON SENTINEL.

Since the happy issue of the Cincinnati Convention, in presenting the names of two justly distinguished and irreproachable Statesmen, as the candidates of the Democratic party for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, we had almost concluded to suspend the publication of the *Sentinel*.

We intend to be frank—we had really been too greatly oppressed already by the effort to maintain, wholly by private resources, a paper which, notwithstanding its Democratic record, without blot or stain, has been placed entirely beyond the pale of Congressional or Executive favor. These two acknowledged and necessary sources of nutriment to the successful publication of political journals in Washington, have been even more completely closed to us, than to our political adversaries. At this, we have no complaints to record or murmurings to utter. We are sufficiently satisfied, that we have held ourself clear in our true mission, and that our independence has been preserved intact and unshaken.

Under these circumstances, as we have said, we had more than half inclined to abandon the *Sentinel*. Other counsels prevailed, and upon conference with Democratic friends, we resolved not to withdraw our battery in the face of the enemy.

Before, however, we could complete our arrangements for the permanent continuance of the *Sentinel*, (and which we are happy to announce, we have now fully consummated,) a severe spell of illness intervened, which left us no alternative but a temporary suspension.

It is with much pride and satisfaction, therefore, that we present this morning to our readers and the public the *Sentinel*, which we contemplate in a few days to improve in appearance. We trust to make it worthy not only of the continued kindness of its present patrons, but of a far more extended patronage of our Democratic friends throughout the Union.

The *Sentinel* will be issued weekly and tri-weekly, as usual, until the 22d of July, when, in addition to these, we propose to resume its daily issue.

We have deemed thus much necessary, by way of explanation of our temporary suspension; and we hope that such of our contemporaries as have referred to it will do us the kindness either to publish this statement or to take such other notice of it as may be most agreeable and convenient to them.

TO OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

To such of our contemporaries as have noticed with kindness the fact of our suspension, we return our sincere acknowledgments. To others who did so in a different spirit, (though they were very few,) we have only to say, we are in too good humor to take offence at them; but, on the contrary, will forgive them if they will behave themselves right well in future. Indeed, we recommend our labors with the kindest good will to all the fraternity, always excepting, God forgive us, those incarnate black devils, who are so steeped in sin and iniquity, that a thousand millenniums could not wash them white! These we hate with a hate that we believe is holy, and it shall be their rhinoceros hides, and not our fault, if we do not make them feel our lash.

It is our purpose to enter at once upon the publication in the *Sentinel* of valuable documents for the campaign, comprising reports, speeches, &c., &c., which we will furnish to committees, clubs, and other associations for distribution, on the most reasonable terms. This will make the *Sentinel* a most valuable companion to our Democratic Electors and orators throughout the country.

The Late Judge Bayly, of Virginia. The Philadelphia Times accompanies the announcement of the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, late representative in Congress from Virginia, with the following interesting remarks:

When Mr. Wise was appointed Minister to Brazil by President Tyler, in 1842 or 1843, Mr. Bayly was elected to the vacancy created in his district by his resignation. Soon after taking his seat, he attracted the attention of the House by his vigor of style and breadth of knowledge as exhibited in parliamentary discussion. During a fierce onslaught made by the Whigs, led on by Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, and Robert Schenck, of Ohio, upon the war measures of Mr. Polk, not one of the Democratic members bore himself more gallantly or repelled their repeated assaults more vigorously than he.

So high did the debate run between Mr. Davis and himself, so much thrusting and parrying took place between these leaders of contending hosts, that a personal issue grew out of it. A challenge passed, and the terms of a hostile meeting were arranged, when, by the interposition of friends, it was finally settled.

Mr. Bayly, by his close application to business, his readiness and preparation, added to considerable natural abilities, was assigned the post of leader in the House by his political friends, which would naturally have fallen to Robert L. Dromgoole, his colleague, had not the dissipated habits of the latter deranged and unfitted that truly great parliamentarian and orator for the arduous responsibilities of the position. It thus fell to Mr. Bayly, and he kept it for several successive Congresses.

The Pharisees. The bankrupt leaders of the Black Republican party are cunningly filling their own pockets by getting up Kansas meetings, and wringing a stock of money from lachrymose sympathizers. The Dayton (O.) *Empire* makes a capital suggestion in regard to the appropriation of some of the funds raised for Kansas. Lane, the blatant Abolitionist, is President of the Philadelphia Black Republican Convention, and, referring to his domestic virtues, the *Empire* says:

We can see no possible objection to sending some hundred dollars to the destitute wife of the Kansas hero, Jim Lane. That lady was deserted by him in the Territory. She was left without money or means of support. She was obliged to make her way home alone. She is now divorced from him, as *Indiana records show*, for abandonment and other legal causes, and is without funds.

The Democratic convention of the second district of Iowa has renominated Hon. Augustus Hall for Congress.

The Albany Evening Transcript, heretofore a strong champion of Nativism, has hailed down Mr. Fillmore's name, and declares itself independent.

The Congressional Kansas Investigating Commission met in New York City on Wednesday next, when they will examine several witnesses and conclude their labors.

THE BLACK REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

The various champions of the various parties into which the American people are divided are now fairly in the field. It is not our purpose at present to undertake a parallel or rather a contrast between those several candidates. The times are so sadly out of joint, and some of the men put forward as leaders, are of so little mark and consideration, that we feel as if labor spent in picturing them would be thrown away.

Before the imposing ticket presented by the Democracy to the suffragans of the country, all the other tickets sink into insignificance. Of all the opposition tickets, the one that excites the greatest degree of ridicule, is that just promulgated by the Black Republicans assembled in convention at Philadelphia. Claiming to be the greatest, most enlightened, and most patriotic body of men in the country, boasting as they do of their scholars and their statesmen, they have given us as their candidate for the Presidency a man unknown as a scholar, unstamped as a statesman, and, save a brief and accidental service in the Senate, unpracticed as a politician. The great promulgator of the "higher-law" doctrine, Senator Seward—the crucified martyr, Senator Sumner—the arch-angel who, not content with the serene enjoyment of heaven, (the Supreme Court,) seeks to rule hell, (the Abolition party of the North,) Judge McLean, were all passed by, and Colonel Fremont, the explorer, the snow navigator, and the Rocky Mountain trapper, has been declared the candidate of the Black Republicans!

The philosophy of this nomination, we frankly confess, is not understood by us. That Colonel Fremont is a hardy, and industrious explorer, we will not deny. He understands as well as any man, the habits of wolves, bears, and Indians. He can go a long time without eating, and in an exigency, can walk chin deep in snow. But we are even yet to learn in what other way he stands distinguished. The choice of the Black Republicans for President, he is yet a late convert to their doctrines. The successful competitor with the hoary Abolitionists of New England, he has brought as much disaster on their grizzly locks, as he ever brought on the grizzly bears he was wont to hunt in his long and tedious journeys.

What avail all the long continued thunders of abolition wrath—what avail their loud outcries against slavery and slavery extension;—what avail the ponderous protests of the three thousand and fifty New England clergymen;—what avail the sermons of Beecher, the books of Madame Stowe, and the thousand and one meetings condemnatory of Preston Brooks;—what avail the martyrdom of Sumner and the stupendous heroism of valiant Senator Wilson? Nothing, nothing! A wolf has strayed into the sheep-fold and the pious lambs have been swallowed, flesh, "back-bone" and all. An intruder has eaten up the porridge and a stranger has carried off the palm. Israel is discomfited, for a Philistine has plundered her treasury of all its gold and jewels.

We hope that Senator Sumner is better this morning, and that his grievous wounds are fast healing—but we fear that the nomination of Fremont inflicted upon him a worse wound than he received from Mr. Brock's gutta serena cane. We hope it will teach him this lesson—that abolition martyrdom brings the pain and ignominy, without even the rewards of sin. But Fremont is a Colonel—a military man; his competitors are civilians. Perhaps the sheep of modern Israel felt the need of a warrior to lead and command them;—therefore they chose Colonel Fremont. Mr. James Watson Webb advised (in his well remembered letter,) the Northern members of Congress to go armed, and he advised the Northern constituents to turn out all cowards and send brave men to Congress. Perhaps the nomination of Colonel Fremont for the Presidency, is the first rovement in that direction. If so, well, for brave men are usually generous—cowards, never.

The candidate of the Black Republicans for the Vice Presidency is William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, a man of far more intellect and political consideration than Colonel Fremont. In this instance, all will agree that the cart was put before the horse, and that a backing ticket can make but little headway. When we consider the boasted influence and power of the Black Republicans, and the pitiable weakness of their ticket, we cannot refrain from applying to it the old simile—that the mountain that was in labor hath brought forth a mouse. The mountain here spoken of, we presume, is the Rocky Mountain. Now that the whole piebald opposition has announced its several tickets, we may congratulate the Democracy and the country on the impregnable strength of our platform and our ticket. We have nothing to fear. We have for our standard bearers an old statesman and a young statesman, whose characters are unassailable, whose political records are without a blot, and whose platform is the Constitution. Allied to no isms, infected with no heresies, the one honorably identified with all the great measures of the past, the other with all the dominant issues of the present, we may, like the Scottish chieftain, plant ourselves upon the solid rock, and defy our enemies to the combat. They are divided, we are one and indivisible. God and the Constitution are with us. The hopes of mankind are with us. If we succeed, as we surely shall, the union of these States is preserved; if we fail, the union of these States is dissolved.

But when we come to speak of any of the tickets of the various branches of the opposition, in comparison with the Democratic ticket, we feel impressed with the ridiculousness of the thing. It is as "Hyperion to a satyr." The thing is absolutely funny. James Buchanan on the one side—Colonel Fremont on the other! The first burdened with honors, glowing with antecedents, and ripe with experience; the other unknown to aught but frontier fame, without antecedents, and altogether green in experience! Who can for a moment doubt the choice of the American people?

No one who has faith in Anglo-Saxon sense—which is the best sense in the world. A MORMON SHOT.—James G. Strang, the Mormon leader at Beaver Island, Michigan, was shot on the 16th by two of his former followers. At latest accounts he was still alive, but in a critical condition. His assassins are under arrest.

THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER'S" ENDORSEMENT OF MR. BUCHANAN.

We publish below an article from the *National Intelligencer* of Saturday, which we take to be a full endorsement of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. We are more than ordinarily gratified at this manifestation of calm wisdom and sincere patriotism on the part of our neighbor. Such a tribute from such a source is as commendable in the *Intelligencer* as it is honorable to Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan's Acceptance. The reader will find in another column the letter of Mr. Buchanan accepting the nomination of the Democratic Convention for the Presidency. In presenting this letter to our readers we deem it due alike to Mr. Buchanan and to ourselves to say that its personal has afforded us much satisfaction. We remember nothing from Mr. Buchanan's pen which has seemed to us conceived in terms more appropriate to the occasion or more worthy of the rank he occupies among our living statesmen. It was of course to be expected that, in formally accepting the nomination made at Cincinnati, he should also formally endorse the "platform" erected so hastily, and, as we think, unwisely, by the political architects of the Democratic party in Convention assembled. As to the wisdom of certain doctrines attempted to be engrafted upon the "policy of the country" as defined by the Cincinnati Convention, our readers are already sufficiently advised of our opinions; and, as we shall probably have occasion to refer to them hereafter more specifically and thoroughly, it forms no part of our present purpose to make them the subject of particular remark.

We may say, however, that Mr. Buchanan's official letter of acceptance, while not expressly repudiating the extreme and exceptionable doctrines foisted into the Democratic confession of faith by the Cincinnati Convention, does yet by its spirit and tenor, incline us to hope that he means, if elected, so to construe those doctrines as to disarm them of their mischievous significance and evil tendency. Indeed we can give no other meaning than

PEACE, OR HELLSH DISCORD.

For such is the issue in the coming contest. The election of the Democratic nominees secures to the country an exemption from all legislation on the subject of slavery. In this entire exemption we have the most perfect assurance of a four years' repose that can, by possibility, be given to the country.

Is not this a consummation most devoutly to be wished? Have not the passions and prejudices of men in the several sections of the country become so literally aroused as to be deaf to the voice of reason, to the appeals of justice? Must not a longer continuance of such acrid controversies endanger the permanent welfare of the whole country?

Will not the results of such conflicts, of such violent collisions, tend inevitably to the breeding of an enduring hostility between the different sections of the country?

If we could allow the question of slavery to be abolished from public discussion for a period of four years, the passions and prejudices, now so inflamed, would in all healthy or patriotic minds so subside, that mild reason would shed her clear lustre on the true path, showing clearly that, as a nation, we may all harmoniously travel the same path—that, in fact, in so doing consists our greatest strength, our common welfare.

But, on the other hand, is it not equally certain that the election to power of any party known to be inclined to the initiation of a series of the most exasperating legislation on the subject of slavery, can by no possibility avoid the most disastrous results of maddening discord, heightened by a keen sense of injustice and indignity. To what baleful results they must lead, no one can with precision foretell, while all feel the oppressive conviction that they must be calamitous indeed.

What benefits, commensurate with the inevitable and wide spread evils, can any one show from the fool-hardy purpose of renewing and perpetuating national discords and jealousies?

There are men, passing strange to say, who avow their purpose to be to continue and to inflame agitation and mutual resentment, until there shall be no relief from the evil except in final and complete separation.

To such we appeal not—reason has lost with them her control, and patriotism has abandoned their hearts. But to all right-minded and right-hearted men, who love their country, and are disposed as well to allow to their fellow-countrymen the full exercise of their rights as to claim their own, we do appeal in the words of soberness and truth.

If the busy whispers of fell discord can be hushed, there is sufficient of mutual individual regard and esteem between the members of each of the discordant masses to leave them the whole mass of each party and to work a wholesome sentiment of concord—to bring all parties to the line of a common justice which shall respect and regard each other's rights. A just conclusion can never be reached amid the din of actual and fierce strife—this is certain—there is, therefore, that the placing in power a party sure to agitate with the most exasperating measures, is to take the only effective step to prevent the restoration of peace, but still more deeply to incultate the body politic with the virus of direst discord.

We hope to see every member of the Democratic press laboring zealously to place before the public this peace offering of the Democratic party in letters of light, that no man shall remain in ignorance.

We know such to be the wish of Mr. Buchanan, and we doubt not of Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, and of their desire to have the same most prominently and constantly before the public mind, as one of the very chiefest of the ends and aims of his administration and of a Democratic Congress.

It is this bright rainbow of peace, which spans the Democratic horizon of Mr. BUCHANAN'S administration, which has attracted to the ranks of Democracy so much of the wisdom and patriotism of the old Whig party. And we look with confidence to the well meaning of the American (who, now perceiving the impolicy and impracticability of the views too hastily adopted) to abandon an organization already self-dissolved, and to join, for the patriotic purpose of peace and Union, the Democratic party, which alone seeks to restore an era of good feeling.

The Democratic party in the coming campaign is literally on a mission of peace, or, in the expressive language of General Scott, "it engages in the contest to 'conquer a peace.'"

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this to Mr. Buchanan's declaration when he says that he accepts the "resolutions constituting the platform of principles erected by the Convention" in the same spirit as that which prompts his acceptance of the nomination tendered to him by his party, namely, a desire so to discharge the duties of the high office to which he aspires as "to allay domestic strife, preserve peace and friendship with foreign nations, and promote the best interests of the Republic." These we know may seem to the censorious nothing more than vague generalities; but we trust that the conservatism and prudence resulting, it may be hoped, from Mr. Buchanan's age and experience will give to them a scope and an application which shall restrict within safe bounds the "lawless spirit" which seems unhappily to be but too ripe in certain classes of our country, and to which, in an unfortunate episode of his late diplomatic career, Mr. Buchanan himself seems to have furnished some countenance and sympathy.

But, while giving to his letter the acknowledgment of our admiration and respect, we refrain from evoking any recollections which may seem to mar the sincerity of our praise, and for a like reason we forbear all comment upon the interpretation which Mr. Buchanan gives to a certain disputed point of Democratic doctrine respecting the power of a Territory to establish or prohibit the institution of slavery. Mr. Buchanan, it will be seen, gives in his address to the principle of "squatter sovereignty" (as it is popularly called) in terms the most definite and express, understanding, as he does, that Congress, by its recent legislation upon this subject, has "simply declared that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits."

We may also say, in conclusion, that we are glad to observe the evidences afforded by the Democratic press in certain quarters that Mr. Buchanan will not be without the support of portions of his party, if, as we have ventured to hope from his letter accepting the nomination, he is disposed to give a wise and conservative construction to those measures of objectionable public policy which party prudence and fealty may not permit him unequivocally to reject.

BUCHANAN AND BRECKINRIDGE CLUB.

At a special meeting of the Buchanan Democratic Club of the District of Columbia, held on Wednesday evening, June 25th, the following named gentlemen, upon the nomination of the committee appointed for that purpose, were unanimously chosen to compose the Executive Committee:

CHARLES S. WALLACH, Chairman.
WILLIAM B. MAGNUDER,
WALTER LENOX,
BEVERLEY TUCKER,
J. D. B. DE BOW,
JOHN SHAW,
FRANCIS MOHUN.

Mr. WALLACH, the Chairman elect, upon the announcement of the Committee, rose and expressed his sense of the honor conferred upon him, as follows:

Mr. President: It would be impossible for me, sir, were I so disposed, to even attempt to conceal my gratification at being called to preside over the Executive Committee of this Association, appreciating, as I do, the high honor of being placed in the front rank in this contest, and stimulated, as I have been, and presume have all been, by having already beheld the old Hero of Michigan burying in oblivion the past, and, hand in hand with that "Little Giant of the West," who has furnished us the thunder for our cannon, leaping upon the outward battlements, the first to fight this great battle of the Constitution, and to rally to the support of the noble son of Pennsylvania, whom the collective wisdom of the Democratic party, in convention assembled, have designated to be the bearer in this battle to be fought and won—of that standard on which is inscribed the principles of Democracy—principles, sir, deduced from a strict and correct construction of the Constitution, that bulwark of the liberties and the rights of the whole country, and that glorious beacon light to the voyagers of other lands and less favored nations seeking the safe harbor of Republican Liberty.

JAMES BUCHANAN, sir, is a leader worthy to be followed—a leader, whose every word and long life, is a sure prestige of victory, and whose very name inspires confidence in a whole nation, that the helm of the "ship of State" will be so guided as to insure peace and harmony, prosperity and glory, to our country.

Let us then, sir, enter upon our duties in this campaign with determined heart and willing hands; let us leave no stone unturned, no honorable means untaken, to elevate to the "Chair of State" this our "standard-bearer," whose whole life has been devoted to our cause, and the cause of our country; and who has attained unto himself the love and honor not only of his own people, but of all nations. And when the battle shall have been fought, and the victory won, we will receive the glorious reward of beholding once more trampled under foot, and forever crushed out of existence, "the hydra-headed isms" of the day and the immutable principles of the Constitution—the cornerstone of the Temple of Human Liberty—still more indelibly imprinted upon the pages of the "Book of Time."

Accept, sir, and gentlemen of this Association, my thanks for this evidence of your confidence, and my assurance that my duty shall be done.

On motion, it was Resolved, That the Editors of the *Sentinel*, *Union*, *Intelligencer*, *Star*, *National*, and *News*, be respectfully requested to publish the above proceedings.

From the Washington Union.

Swallowing Old Buck.

We give place with pleasure to the note below from a friend of Colonel Benton, and assure the writer that we shall be as much gratified as he can be when his prediction is verified that "Colonel Benton and his friends will not suffer the electoral vote (of Missouri) to be cut in twain and lost to Mr. Buchanan." It would have been much more satisfactory if Mr. Quenberry had pointed to some facts indicating the probable realization of his hopes. He is in error in supposing that we are actuated by any other than "good humor" towards Colonel Benton. We have a vivid recollection of the injuries effected in several Southern States of his mode of supporting Mr. Polk in 1844, and his object is to avoid similar consequences in the canvass of 1856. We think our correspondent is rather unfortunate in the application of his anecdote. If we read Colonel Benton's speeches and his organs in Missouri correctly, they have "swallowed Old Buck," but without "the shell and all." We want Old Buck

swallowed on the platform of principles on which he was nominated, and which he has so cordially and earnestly adopted and endorsed. Colonel Benton and his Missouri friends repudiate essential portions of the platform, and ignore the National Democratic Organization of which he is the nominee. But we repeat that we shall congratulate our friend Quenberry when Colonel Benton and his friends verify the prediction that the electoral vote of Missouri will not be cut in twain by their persisting in the support of a separate Benton electoral ticket. We shall then believe that they have "swallowed Old Buck, shell and all!"

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, 1856.

SIR: As a friend to Col. Benton, I beg leave to offer my humble testimony in his favor. I

believe that he is not only sincere in his support of Mr. Buchanan, but that he will render him an essential service in Missouri—a service which, perhaps, no other man in the State can render—in concentrating the democratic vote upon him. I think it will shortly appear to us to borrow an illustration from Solomon) who is the "true mother of the child." Col. Benton and his friends will not suffer the electoral vote to be cut in twain and lost to Mr. Buchanan.

I would be a peace-maker if I knew how, and would be glad to see you in a good humor with Col. Benton. You have heard the story of Captain Tobin of the Mexican war. He was held accountable by the Second Auditor for some property. The Captain replied by an anecdote of the Irishman who swallowed an egg, and heard the chirp of the chicken just hatching; but the little bird spoke too late, or the kind-hearted son of Erin would have spared it. So Captain Tobin would have accounted for the property, but the Auditor spoke too late—the chirping of the Mexican war had departed the Captain's memory, and the property too.

The application: Col. Benton and his friends have been so industriously at work for Mr. Buchanan, that they have failed to give sufficient vouchers for the support which you charge to be insecure. You have spoken too late. They have already swallowed old Buck, shell and all.

Your friend and fellow servant,
J. T. QUENBERRY.

From the National Intelligencer.

Death of the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly.

It is with sincere regret that we find in a Baltimore paper the following announcement of the demise of the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, one of the most distinguished citizens of Virginia, as he was during several of the last years of his life one of the most conspicuous and influential Representatives in Congress from his native State. We had hoped that his residence in the mild climate of Havana during the past winter had re-established his health:

"We are much pained at being called upon to record the death of the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, late member of Congress from Virginia, who died of consumption on Monday morning, the 23d instant, at his late residence, Mount Custis, in Accomac county, in the 46th year of his age, after a long and painful illness. During his short but useful life Judge Bayly had filled many important offices under the government of his native State as well as that of the United States, in all of which he acquitted himself with an ability, integrity, and urbanity that secured him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His great talents were particularly manifested while chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives at Washington, in which important position he acquired the entire confidence of all parties, and contributed much by his industry to the success of the measures of the House. In private life he was a kind neighbor, a true friend, and a most affectionate father and husband. The death of such a man cannot fail to create a void in the social circle in which he moved which it will be difficult to fill, while to his immediate family the loss is irreparable. To the country, at this juncture, the death of such a man may be regarded as a calamity, as he was regarded in his views and uniformly exercised his influence in behalf of the preservation of the Union."—*Am. Democrat*.

Judge Bayly.

Our many readers will learn with sorrow that the disease under which he has so long been suffering, has at length carried from earth the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, of the Accomac Congressional district of Virginia, information of whose demise, at his late residence in Accomac county, Virginia, reached us this morning. Comparatively young, he has thus been cut off in the height of his career, and of great usefulness. Had he lived and been blessed with good health, he could not have failed to have become one of the most distinguished statesmen of the age; for his mind was powerful and clear, his attainments in public affairs vast, his character energetic, and his ambition entirely legitimate. He leaves a wife and a daughter, and a family, as we are informed, carefully husbanded. His death leaves a void in thousands of hearts, for he was as widely beloved as he was known.—*Washington Star*.

Death of Hon. Thomas H. Bayly.

It is our melancholy duty to-day to chronicle the death of one of Virginia's ablest and most distinguished sons—Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, of Accomac county, who, after a protracted illness, expired at his residence on Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock. Though his health had been feeble for many months, and his lamp of life daily expected to be extinguished, his death has cast a gloom over a large social circle, to which he was endeared by his virtues, and brought a shadow over many a brow in all sections of the country, which mourns the loss of a statesman. Entering the arena of politics at an early age, he soon became distinguished as an able debater in the Legislature of Virginia; and while yet young was made Judge of the Circuit Court of the fifth circuit; he was thence transferred by the suffrages of his fellow citizens to the position of member of Congress from the first district, being regularly returned by large majorities, and the last time even without opposition. In Congress he soon rose to an enviable distinction, which he manfully maintained. During the present session his ill health has not permitted him to participate in its debates or deliberations.

Was one of the ablest and most promising men in the State.—*Norfolk News*.

RITIOUS PROCEEDINGS IN COLUMBIA, S. C.

We learn from the Columbia Times, of the 16th inst., that on Saturday night there was witnessed a disorderly scene in that city in consequence of a whipping party, who, claiming to be mechanics, marching through the streets with a stuffed figure and torch lights. The figure was understood to represent a gentleman who had spoken slightly of mechanics. The mayor tried to dissuade the party from carrying out their design of burning the effigy, but in vain. The procession on passing the Times office gave ground for Mr. Croby, the editor, who, it appears, had caused their displeasure by writing against a measure suggested by a correspondent of the *Winnboro' Register* to drive free negroes from the State.

LOLA MONTEZ WHIPPED BY A WOMAN.—The *Baltimore Times* of March 3, contains an account of a whipping, of length administered to the most terrible whippersnapper of her own sex. Lola Montez was engaged to perform at the Ballarat Theatre for Mr. Crosby. She quarrelled with him about accounts, and was then set on by his wife. Mrs. Crosby broke a whip